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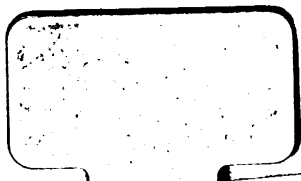
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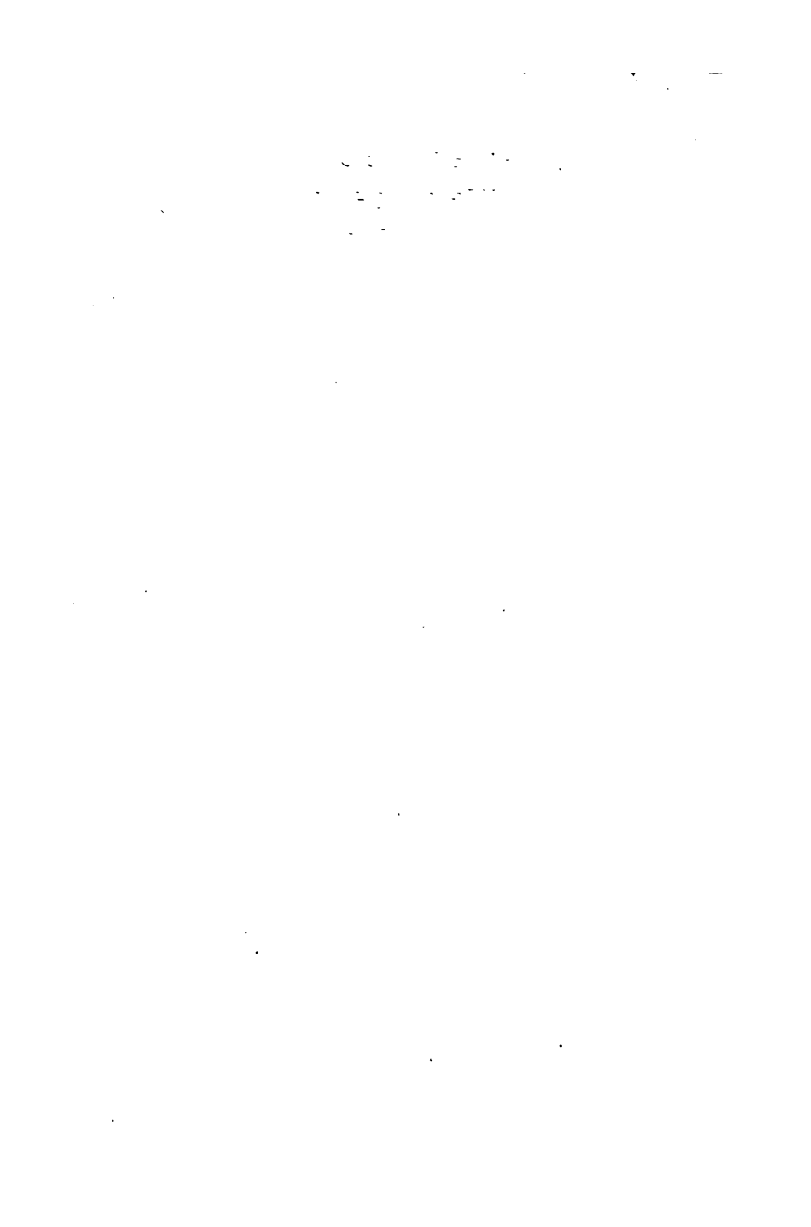
HAWS  
FROM THE  
HEDGES

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**HAWS FROM THE HEDGES:**

**POEMS**

**BY**

**THOMAS F. REILLY.**

**DUBLIN:**

**JOHN M. O'TOOLE & SON,**

**7, GREAT BRUNSWICK-STREET;**

**AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.**

**1872.**



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## DEDICATION.

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At the solicitation of some friends I have issued the present volume of simple poems, written to pass over the tedium of many a lonesome hour. I never intended them to appear before the public in a collected form, and did I consult my own inclinations, many would be excluded from the present volume. But, such as they are, I send them forth to depend on their own merits for public favour, and respectfully dedicate them to my old schoolfellows, quite satisfied if, in their perusal, they recall one pleasant recollection of the merry-hearted comrade of a few short years ago.

ROCKFIELD, ARTANE,

*December 1st, 1871.*



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## HAWS FROM THE HEDGES.

---

### RESUSCITATED.

The smile from her lips had nigh faded,  
Her arm grown weak in the fight,  
The brand-mark of slavery shaded  
And furrowed her brow with its blight ;  
But the voice of young Liberty speaking  
Is heard once again from her shore—  
See the links of her fetters are breaking !  
She's rousing to action once more.

Her sons, could they ever relinquish  
The deep hate they owe to her foes ?  
Could the foreigner's gold e'er extinguish  
A feeling for her and her woes ?  
No, never ! the thought is but madness :  
Through the clouds let a vista but gleam  
Of hope, and sensations of sadness  
Shall fade like the scenes in a dream.

Disunion !—too long did it wither  
Our blood like the dark Upas tree,  
By tyrants and bigots brought hither  
To keep us from e'er being free.

On the lily that grows on the mountain  
The bright sun to shine ne'er refused,  
Nor the shamrock that creeps round the fountain ;  
Then why should they both be abused ?

Relinquish the cause ! No—we'll never  
Bring a blush to our children of shame :  
The contest shall go on for ever,  
As pure as it down to us came.  
The staff in our hands we have taken,  
The flag to the breezes unrolled—  
Its folds abroad freely we've shaken,  
Emblazoned with green, white, and gold ;

And never, for fawning or frowning—  
We swear by the sun's blessed light !—  
Till Freedom our efforts is crowning,  
Shall the emblem be hid from our sight.  
From to-day let each ill feeling perish—  
Your hand, come and place it in mine ;  
Words of love in the future we'll cherish—  
Around the old land let them twine !

---

A PARALLEL.

The bright stream, where the fishes played,  
By summer's heat is dried ;  
The green reeds, where the brown snipe stayed,  
Have withered up and died ;

No sound comes from the waterfall—  
 Its music has departed :  
 Thus, when our youthful comrades fall,  
 Will we be broken-hearted.

The morn of life is but a dream,  
 Its visions fleeting splendour ;  
 The heart will dry up like a stream  
 When losing friendships tender.  
 What would I give could I recal  
 The fond friends I remember  
 I've seen around me thickly fall,  
 Like rose leaves in September ?

---

BRING FLOWERS.

Bring flowers, bring flowers, the fairest that grow  
 On the hillsides above, in the valleys below—  
 Let the dewdrops be on them, 'twill heighten their  
 bliss,  
 And leave them as sweet as a lover's first kiss.

Bring flowers, bring flowers—what though they may  
 fade ?  
 The fragrance remains when the leaves are decayed,  
 As the love which we feel for some spirit that's fled  
 Remains with us still though the loved one be dead.

Bring flowers, bring flowers of every bright hue,  
 Some red, and some white, and some purple, and  
 blue—

The modest young lily, so pure and so fair,  
And the scented verbena that perfumes the air.

Bring flowers, bring flowers, that whisper a tale  
Of love to the spirits that float on the gale ;  
The secret they'll tell that my lips are afraid—  
They'll whisper my love to a golden-haired maid.

---

## SONG.

Say, who has not felt all the rapture of love  
Pulsing on through his veins like a river's swift  
tide,

As high in the heavens the small stars above  
Shone twinklingly bright, like the gifts of a bride ?  
Success may attend the meridian of life,

When the mind is developed, and manhood holds  
sway ;

Yet the heart ever longingly out from the strife  
Looks back to that dawn of enjoyment's pure ray.

Say, who would not flee, could he flee back once more,  
To the days when his soul, with love's ecstasy  
filled,

From troubles was free as the calm level shore  
When the sea is at rest and all nature is stilled—

His highest ambition to hear her lips speak

Soft strains of delight, like the syrens of old,  
While the hue of the moss-rose enamelled her cheek,  
As her eyes sparkled bright at the tales that he  
told ?

Say, who would not pause at the crossway of fame,  
Where the finger-post, Time, points the way we  
must go,  
Take a last longing look at fond memory's flame,  
Ere it sinks 'neath the stream of life's fast-ebbing  
flow?  
Move on, poor ambition ! whose end is but gain—  
Earth's gifts are false honors that fade as we gaze ;  
When greed has been sated, we sigh for, in vain,  
The rapture of youth, with its soul-thrilling blaze.

---

## A LOVER'S SERENADE.

A. D. 1798.

I'm here at your window, my darling,  
'Tis your own rebel lover that calls !  
Your father is never done snarling  
'Cause the light of your eye on me falls.  
You know, love, my heart's every throb  
Beats high in the cause of the Free ;  
But that shall not cause you a sob—  
I'll ever prove faithful to thee.  
Then come, love, the bright moon is filling  
The valley with silvery light,  
I have left all the boys at their drilling,  
The Captain is with them to-night.

.. I have good news, my love, to be telling,  
Good news you'll be right glad to hear,

In your bosom the heart will be swelling,  
As I whisper the words in your ear.  
The order has come to be ready  
To raise the old flag once again ;  
The rifles are served out already—  
I gave them, to-night, to the men.  
Then come, love, the bright moon is filling  
The valley with silvery light,  
I have left all the boys at their drilling.  
The Captain is with them to-night.

I have still got the keepsake, mavourneen,  
The little bright pink-fingered glove  
You gave me that night by the boreen,  
Where we plighted for ever our love ;  
And here o'er my heart shall it rest  
Till peace reigns again in the land,  
Then I'll take it once more from my breast  
And for e'er claim its fair owner's hand.  
Then come, love, the bright moon is filling  
The valley with silvery light,  
I have left all the boys at their drilling,  
The Captain is with them to-night.

---

KATE M'BRIDE.

I've had my share of empty joys,  
Drawn honey from the hive ;  
Like cormorants, I've seen them pause .  
An instant ere they'd dive

Beneath the stream of memory,  
 Their pleasures past to hide ;  
 There's richer joy in store for me  
 With charming Kate M'Bride.

A gentle form, a marble brow,  
 Round which the bright hair twines,  
 Like woodbine twisting round the bough  
 Of creeping cottage vines ;  
 An eye whose splendors, half divine,  
 The lashes cannot hide ;  
 And a neck as fair as pale moonshine,  
 Has charming Kate M'Bride.

Her voice is as the cuckoo's sweet,  
 When the goddess bright of June  
 Spreads honey on each bush she meets  
 To keep his notes in tune.  
 I've seen the small birds winging  
 In rapture to her side,  
 To listen to the singing  
 Of charming Kate M'Bride.

And Kittie says she loves me—  
 What rapture in the word !  
 Her voice has power to move me,  
 Like sound of magic chord :  
 Though sorrows should come near me,  
 I still shall stem the tide,  
 For the beacon bright to steer me  
 Is the smile of Kate M'Bride.



## SONG.

And is it thus at length we part ?  
Are all the vows you plighted vain ?  
Stays not one feeling in that heart  
Where love sang erst a glad refrain ?  
Were all the smiles I once held dear,  
Like winter's sun—a cold, pale sheen,  
Which flitted o'er a prospect drear,  
To mock me with what might have been ?

But go—I'll strive to think no more !  
Let me alone the victim be !  
I give you back the troth of yore—  
As bird escaped, hence you are free.  
Yet, 'mid the years that ceaseless flow  
Like rivers to the boundless sea,  
Should fate e'er threaten storm of woe,  
Come back, and shelter take with me.

— /  
COME TO ME NOW.

Come to me, now that winter has flown,  
*A cuishle mo vuirneen !* my darling ! my own !  
Once more let me gaze in thy laughing blue eyes  
And read there my hopes as the lids slowly rise.  
My bark may be tost  
On life's troublous sea,  
But it shall not be lost  
If the rudder thou'lt be ;  
Though loudly the breakers around us should roar,  
I'd steer through them safely with thee to the shore.

My spirit was dead till thy voice, like a song,  
 Woke echoes of hope which around my heart throng ;  
 The griefs from my bosom soon melted away,  
 As snow 'neath the heat of the sun's genial ray.

Thy smile, like the spring,  
 All my joys can renew,  
 And hope to me bring  
 As refreshing as dew,  
 Making life seem as bright as a rose-wreathed bower  
 Where leaves richly perfumed come down in a shower.

The exile, returned, when the cottage appears  
 Where he played with the friends of his bright boy-  
 hood years,  
 Looks round him and smiles a sweet smile 'mid his  
 pain,

As the scenes of the past throng around him again.

Thus life shall look bright

Though my sun should decline—

I'd live in the light

Of those bright eyes of thine !

Come then to the heart that is beating for thee,  
 And thy love shall be sacred as manna to me.

## IN MEMORIAM.

(J. K. CASEY.)

Dead in the prime of his manhood,  
While laurels were fresh on his brow,  
His soul, that was pure as in childhood,  
'Mid angels is throned even now.  
Dead in the bloom of life's morning—  
'Tis saddening the story to tell—  
Like a meteor is gone without warning  
The spirit their frowns could not quell.

Lost to our dear mother, Ireland,  
Gone ere the dawn of the light,  
The gallant young hope of our sireland  
Whose soul was as scimitar bright ;  
Angels in chorus were singing  
As away from this earth he had flown ;  
Sweetly they smiled and they bringing  
His spirit to foot of God's throne.

With shamrocks his brow is enwreathed—  
He died on St. Patrick's Day !  
A patriot truer ne'er breathed,  
Nor Christian more pure knelt to pray.  
His heart was a spring from which gushing  
The words like bright bubbles would glow,  
O'er our souls like a melody rushing,  
Stirring their depths with its flow.

" Tenderly bearing the flow'rs  
 They brought for the graves of the dead "—  
 We dreamt not the turn was ours  
 To strew them so soon o'er your bed.  
 We've wept o'er the grave of a brother,  
 Yet still we feel sadder to-day  
 Than ever we felt for another  
 We left at his rest, 'neath the clay.  
 Peace to your soul, poet Casey !  
 Lightly above you we'll tread ;  
 O'er your grave grow the shamrock and daisy  
 Till you're waked from the sleep of the dead !  
 Twas your writings first roused the old flame  
 Of love for our Isle in my soul—  
 A love that no power can now tame ;  
 I'll struggle like you to the goal.

---

#### MY FLOWER.

There are flowers as fair in the land,  
 With modesty graved on each shield,  
 Who, if touched by young Love's melting hand,  
 An odor of sweetness would yield ;  
 There are maidens with bright flowing hair,  
 Whose laugh is as joyous and free ;  
 Yet, though they be beauteous and fair,  
 Like her they can ne'er be to me.  
 Her breath is the low breathing sigh  
 Of the wind through a bed of sweet flow'rs ;

One swift beaming glance from her eye  
Sets my heart in a flutter for hours.  
You may talk of the ripe fruit that bows  
Down the trees in the fair sunny south,  
But a hermit might break through his vows  
For one kiss from her sweet pouting mouth.

---

## ELEGY WRITTEN IN A CHURCHYARD.

Step light—we tread on holy ground,  
For 'neath this churchyard clay  
Old men a peaceful rest have found,  
Who knew me in youth's day ;  
And though their spirits long have fled—  
Long silent been each tongue—  
I think they know me still, these dead,  
As I pace their graves among.

Bright daisies beautify the place,  
No winter's chill is o'er,  
They bloom above the upturned face  
Of one I'll ne'er see more,  
The pressure of whose kindly hand  
I've felt as oft he's nursed,  
And told me how sea, sky, and land,  
Created were at first.

I feel a calm, pure, holy love  
While gazing all around  
On memory's offerings placed above  
Each hallowed green-clad mound ;

For when my turn must come to pass—  
Who knows, perhaps, 'tis near?—  
Hope whispers, "O'er your grave the grass  
Shall spring 'neath friendship's tear."

Dear ——, when 'neath its native mould  
This frame shall buried be,  
By all our friendship true of old,  
Should you live after me,  
No marble slab—vain useless show!—  
Be placed above my head:  
But let God's sunshine freely throw  
Its bright rays there, instead.

Or if an offering you would give,  
Plant o'er me, in the earth,  
"Forget-me-nots," and let them live  
'Mid beds of mignonette.  
For marble slabs men often raise  
Whose hearts are filled with wraith,  
While flowers bespeak their Maker's praise,  
And breathe the breath of Faith.

---

ANASTASIA.

Anastasia! sweetest word  
That ever yet fell on mine ear  
Loved as voice of singing bird  
Heard amid a forest drear.

## HAWS FROM THE HEDGES.

Long may thy youthful graces last !  
Still beauteous be that form divine !  
Be thy heart held in bonds as fast  
As those that hold this heart of mine !

May sorrow never cast a shade  
Across that brow, as snowflake clear !  
May ills before thee ever fade !  
Thy joys but multiply each year !  
Kind friends for ever round thee throng !  
Bright angels guard thee from all guile !  
Oh ! my heart pours out a joyous song  
Whene'er I meet thy sunny smile.

---

## ONE STRUGGLE MORE.

(A '48 SONG).

One struggle more, 'twill be the last,  
To break the Saxon chain ;  
Once more on high our flag we'll cast  
To wave o'er hill and plain.  
It suits us not to crouch as slaves,  
Or shun the coming shock ;  
Though beaten oft, the ocean waves  
Return to charge the rock.

Then nerve your arm for the fight ;  
Heed not the fools who rave ;  
And if we fall ere freedom's light,  
We'll sleep in freedom's grave.

It was not thus our fathers strove,  
To break from foreign thrall :  
Is slavery's net so closely wove  
To stifle manhood's call ?

Is all in vain—both those who bled  
And those who're bleeding still ?  
Will not the spirit of the dead  
A sense of shame instil ?  
Ay, shame that you have left so long  
Your mother 'neath the heel  
Of her who fattens on the wrong  
Of all her power who feel.

Oh ! who would live the helot's lot  
With freedom's goal in sight,  
A pulseless, heartless, soulless sot,  
His life one living night ?  
Oh ! sweeter far one blessed hour  
To live in liberty,  
And see our old flag from each tow'r  
Float o'er a country free.

And he who lives in after years,  
How proudly he can tell  
Of all our hopes and all our fears,  
And those he knew who fell—  
How hireling troops before the sea  
Of bristling pikeheads flew ;  
His proudest boast that day will be :  
“ Yes, I have been there too.”



## GLENDALOUGH.

There are scenes in this life that for ever remain  
As fixed on the mind as the sea-beaten rock ;  
Effaced are they never by pleasure or pain :  
Thus ever to me shalt thou be, Glendalough.

Oh ! tell me no more of Italia's blue skies,  
Or the vine-covered hills they've in old sunny France ;  
Feelings of joy from my heart proudly rise,  
'Neath the sweet witching spell of each fair lady's  
glance.

Around me to-day there are friends by my side  
Whose hearts beat in unison true with my own ;  
If thus we could ever float over life's tide,  
How swift were the days of our pilgrimage flown !

But joys are all fleeting—the brightest soon fade—  
Old time our enjoyments endeavors to mock ;  
Yet I'll never forget that bright day that I strayed  
With friends that I loved by thy lake, Glendalough !

---

THOUGH MY LIPS SPEAK NO WORD.

Though my lips speak no word, though I breathe not  
thy name,  
Thou art dear to my heart as a bright wreath of fame ;  
It mirrors thy face, brings it nearer to view—  
Ere thine image can fade 'twill be broken in two.

Then cease, love, to ask could I ever deceive ;  
 Heed not the vile whispers they'd have thee believe ;  
 My heart is a goblet—within it rich wine,  
 And no lips shall quaff it but those lips of thine.

Though haughty and cold to all others I meet,  
 I could kneel, love, in homage low down at thy feet—  
 From the power of thy spells never seek to be free—  
 Bless the chains of my bondage, if ruled but by thee !

One kiss from those lips, love, one beam from those  
 eyes,

And the sorrows and troubles of life I'd despise.  
 They may tell me 'tis madness has seized on my heart,  
 But they know not how dear to me, loved one ! thou  
 art.

---

#### BLOOMING MAY.

The month of smiles and tears will leave  
 But memory soon behind—  
 Fair flowers start from their beds at eve  
 To woo the summer wind—  
 The cuckoo to our isle shall wing,  
 Till brown-hued autumn stay,  
 Through wood and grove in rapture sing  
 To welcome blooming May.

The primrose fair, the violet,  
 Each bud as it appears,  
 Has, 'mid its leaves, divinely set,  
 Bright gems of dewy tears ;

The flower that nods in yonder dell  
Seems though some sprite or fay  
Were pealing chimes from every bell  
To welcome blooming May.

In peace the stream its way shall take  
By snipe and wild duck's nest,  
And scarcely with a ripple shake  
The lilies on its breast ;  
The rose shall grace the lover's bower,  
The brown trout sportive play,  
The clouds dissolve in scented shower,  
To welcome blooming May.

And I my heart shall once more ope,  
Sip joy from every flow'r,  
Be soothed by softest strains of hope,  
More sweetly every hour !  
This month has brought me all I prize—  
For which I'll ever pray ;  
I've but to gaze into those eyes,  
To welcome blooming May.

---

#### THE LAMB.

Hurrah for The Lamb! come fill the glass truly ;  
His name brings a throb to each Irishman's heart ;  
Fill it up to the brim—let us honor him duly—  
The little steel-grey acted nobly his part.

It quickens the pulse as we read o'er the story—  
Zouave was all Irish, and so was his dam ;  
He added another bright feat to our glory—  
Hurrah for Ould Ireland, M'Grath, and The Lamb !

'Tis the second time, surely, he came off victorious,  
Well thrashing the field, as he did once before ;  
And horse though he be, sure the news, boys, is glorious—

The English he distanced upon their own shore.  
“ For one that was bred in the home of his sireland,”  
Said the backers of England, “ We care not a d—n.”  
The next time they “ lay on ” their cash against Ireland,  
They'll think on the feats of M'Grath and The Lamb.

How he won, boys, the race, needs but small explanation ;

Once Thomas's feet in the stirrups were set,  
He seemed to grow big with the fair exultation,  
And wished to be off if he only were let.  
On Scotland that day, by the hand of a queen,  
Was a princess bestowed, while pealed out the  
rich psalm ;  
We wish her all joy from our island so green,  
The home of the Shamrock, M'Grath, and The  
Lamb.

But 'mid all our joys, should we cease to remember  
The bravest of rivals amid the whole batch  
Was Irish as well, and no upstart pretender—  
A true Celtic race-horse—the plucky Dispatch.

Single and double ditch, hillside and hollow,  
He jumped like a deer, and likewise the big dam !  
Till he met the last hurdle—no more could he follow,  
So he left the Grand National Race to The Lamb.

And now let us say to the braggarts who flung us  
A sneer, that we want but our birthright, "fair  
play."  
We have horses and dogs—ay, and men, too—among  
us  
Who'd challenge the wide world, and win, boys, the  
day !  
Your hand o'er the table—here's "Union for ever !"  
Tell the spalpeens who'd try 'mid our ranks a wedge  
jamb,  
That naught can the bonds of our friendship dis sever,  
We'll add to the feats of M'Grath and The Lamb.

---

## BRIGID MAC CANN.

The moment I saw her I loved her !  
Her foot 'mid the heather bells brown  
Fell as light as the calm summer zephyrs  
That play with the soft thistle down.  
And never was brighter fair vision  
In dreams of delight shown to man :  
Oh ! the dawn of a southern morning  
Is the smile of young Brigid Mac Cann.

There is naught but an image of beauty  
Where my heart long ago used to be ;  
If I gaze in the mirror this minute,  
'Tis her face, not my own, that I'll see.  
In childhood I loved the soft music  
Of the streamlet that by my home ran ;  
But it fades 'fore the laugh of enchantment  
From cherry-lipped Brigid Mac Cann.

Come sorrows or pleasures around me,  
Her image time ne'er can destroy ;  
Not the smiles of an angel from heaven  
My heart from my love could decoy.  
Through my frame runs a tremor of gladness  
If a moment her breath my cheek fan—  
Oh ! if woman was e'er loved to madness,  
'Tis beautiful Brigid Mac Cann.

---

## MY FUTURE LOVE.

'Tis past, and my senses once more are awaking  
From the thralldom that held them in chains like the  
dead,  
As the dawning of Hope, or the sun mildly breaking  
The mist that all night hung its pall overhead.  
'Tis past, but the sting it is leaving behind  
More closely to Ireland my heart-strings shall bind ;  
Every wish of my soul, every thought of my mind,  
For the future are given, dear Erin, to thee.

Look up at that pale face—oh! who would not love it,  
Or give his heart's blood to bring bloom to her  
cheeks,  
To frighten the vultures that hover above it  
And long in her soft flesh to whet their cursed beaks?  
Oh! where is the heart that could feel any dread  
If called on to-morrow his life-blood to shed,  
And add his own name to the long list of dead,  
If it brought back but freedom, dear Erin, to thee?

---

## SONG.

With flowers of every color  
The green fields richly teem ;  
The nimble fish disport and play  
Athrough the silvery stream ;  
The sun lights up with splendor  
The daisy spangled lea ;  
And my heart is overflowing  
With fondest love for thee.

The flowers may fade and sicken  
Beneath chill winter's blight—  
The fish no more be seen at play  
When summer days take flight ;  
But the sun must lose its brightness,  
And all nature withered be,  
Ere my heart shall cease o'erflowing  
With fondest love for thee.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

Ay, meet and talk, and shout away,  
 Your time has come at last,  
 Your Saxon lords withdraw the pay  
 They gave you in the past.  
 How oft have you the foeman led  
 To dye the battle plain,  
 And leave our native valleys red  
 With those who died in vain !

Ay, stoop and cringe, and beg for bread,  
 They'll hand you back a stone ;  
 Or will you name your patriot dead—  
 Fitzgerald, Emmet, Tone ?  
 They'd never act a part so vile—  
 Can you then crouch as slaves,  
 To sell again our native isle,  
 And shame them in their graves ?

Come, take your brother's hand at last—  
 Act not the parricide :  
 Forgotten be the bitter past,  
 We'll now stand side by side.  
 Our tyrants kept our hate alive,  
 But now we'll join in love,  
 United for our rights we'll strive,  
 We swear by God above.



## BOILING UP THE KETTLE.

Let poets sing of golden locks,  
Or dark ones like the raven's wing ;  
Of blushing maids without their flocks,  
Or nymphs that roam the woods in spring.  
I often o'er their follies smile,  
As 'twixt my lips my pipe I settle ;  
The wreaths of smoke my thoughts beguile  
While Lizz is boiling up the kettle.

I feel as happy as a king  
When stirring up the embers bright ;  
But when I hear the kettle sing,  
My heart is throbbing with delight.  
If griefs upon my spirit lie—  
For troubles oft the best will nettle—  
I watch the sympathetic eye  
Of Lizzie boiling up the kettle.

And when I see her graceful glide  
Across the room—may blessings haunt her !—  
A cunning joy I feel inside ;  
I know she's gone for the decanter.  
With grief no longer I'm perplexed,  
My spirits into calmness settle ;  
For well I know what's coming next,  
When Lizz is boiling up the kettle.

## OUR ANSWER.

(A '48 SONG.)

Yes, we've said that we'll fight for old Ireland,  
And hunt the cursed foe from her plains—  
Ay ! we're ready to try it to-morrow !  
There's Irish blood still in our veins.  
Crouch to our tyrants we'll never—  
Far sweeter be outlawed and banned ;  
We welcome each man as a brother  
Who'll stand for the cause of our land.

Although our religions may differ,  
Our hearts one emotion can feel ;  
The prayers are for the same mother,  
At no matter what altar we kneel.  
We care naught for the threats of a tyrant,  
The yoke never entered our hearts,  
We have paid him back scorn for scorn,  
And as brave men we'll still act our parts.

Dear Ireland ! we lisped it in childhood,  
As we read o'er each story of wrong ;  
And we prayed when she'd call on her true men,  
That we might be there 'mid the throng.  
And we'll answer that call—yes ! by heaven !  
In spite of false traitors and knaves ;  
We will rise at the word of our mother ;  
Too long have they said we were slaves.

Slaves!—O heaven ! at that maddening word

The blood dashes wild through our veins,  
And we curse the disunion that kept us  
So long in the false Saxon's chains.

But our hope from this day for the future

In ourselves alone centred will be ;  
Let faction go fight for its own end,  
The people at least shall be free.

Our oath—'tis the same as our fathers ;

Your hand—'tis a brother's at last !  
Our flag—'tis the shamrock and lily ;  
The past—to the winds we have cast ;  
Our watchword—be Erin, our mother ;  
Our foes—you know well who I mean ;  
To the front, then, each patriot brother,  
Let your jacket be orange or green.

---

MY OLD DUDHEEN.

The poets know not what to sing,

They're driven to despair,  
They've sang of every living thing

On earth or in the air—  
Of ev'ry fish that swims the sea

Or in the river's seen ;  
The only thing they've left for me

Is my blackened old dudheen.  
No meerschaum can its coat approach,  
Though polished up with care ;  
Upon your funds it don't encroach—  
It never draws the air.

See tempting pipes 'neath shades displayed  
In Dame and Grafton streets,  
Some into little Cupids made,  
Some shaped in all conceits.  
The "briars," too, are strewn about,  
Or placed in piles between ;  
Yet pleasant none are to the mouth  
As my blackened old dudheen.  
Let lovers with each other joke  
Now the harvest moon is seen,  
Give me to see the curling smoke  
Rise from my old dudheen.

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## AUTUMN FLOWERS.

The autumn leaves are falling ;  
Bright summer days have fled ;  
Cold chilly winds are calling  
The flowers to join the dead,  
To bow beneath the storms  
Of winter's withering wing,  
To hide their beauteous forms  
Till the sweet return of spring.  
Fair emblems of humanity !  
We, too, must fade like them ;  
Our winter—some calamity,  
Or loss of cherished gem,  
On which we risked—alas ! in vain—  
Each feeling of the heart,  
Till fate, regardless of the pain,  
Has sundered us apart.

But we have no awakening spring—  
No summer comes again ;  
The heart's a tender fragile thing  
That droops beneath the pain ;  
It never blooms, if once it fade—  
For ever it lies dry ;  
Earth's hopes are fled, its joys decayed,  
It's only hope's on high.

---

## OH ! DO NOT SAY.

Oh ! do not say you'll strive no more  
To raise your country from the gloom  
That hangs around from shore to shore,  
And leaves her life a living tomb.  
Are freedom's rays  
Not worth whole days  
Of ceaseless toil and endless strife ?  
Are not long years  
Of hopes and fears  
Repaid, if they but bring her life ?  
Then say not that a tyrant's heel  
Has left its impress on your heart ;  
Unquenched is still the burning zeal  
That oft has caused the foe to smart.

They say you are a conquered race,  
Contented with a despot's sway ;  
Cast back the black lie in their face,  
And tell them you are men to-day.

Say Erin's sod  
Was made by God  
For you and me—for us alone ;  
And that for years  
Of blood and tears  
In bitterness they'll yet atone.  
Then say not that a tyrant's heel  
Has left its impress on your heart,  
Unquenched is still the burning zeal  
That oft has caused the foe to smart.

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## TO ANNIE.

Hidden deep in the shade of a moss-covered rock  
The violet in silence may shed its perfume ;  
Unnoticed may fly through the ravens' dark flock  
A dove, if no sun-ray should flash on its plume ;  
The diamond may rest on the bed of the stream  
Over which we have sailed in our shallow canoe,  
On our eye not a ray of its brightness may gleam,  
Though clear be the waters that hide it from view.

Thus deep in the inmost recess of my heart  
A flower has blossomed, a seed has been sown,  
And never, till life from my bosom depart,  
Shall a chill of deceit o'er that blossom be thrown.  
As true as the waters that hide the pure gem  
From the gaze of the vulgar who fain would it see,  
Is the love that shall cherish, protect, guard that stem,  
Till the blossoms and fruit are all gathered by thee.

## PUNCHESTOWN RACES, 1871.

Where were the fair smiling faces of yore,  
The thousands of cars both behind and before,  
The jesting and joking above at Rathcoole  
As we stopped on the way just the horses to cool,  
The gent's four-in-hand with the high-stepping bays,  
The open barouche with the steel-colored grays,  
The youth, health, and beauty I often looked on,  
In the year Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-one?

O the Clerk of the Weather !

The Clerk of the Weather !

The bubbles, torpedo-like, floating along,  
Were burst as the rain came down pouring ding-dong.  
No smile of enjoyment was seen on a face—  
Like grief at a wedding, 'twould be out of place ;  
The only smiles seen, in the midst of it all,  
Were when the two favorites fell at the wall—  
Then the bookmakers called up the ghost of a grin,  
As they saw that an outsider surely must win.

O the Clerk of the Weather !

The Clerk of the Weather !

No "black eyes" were given, no new outside crook  
Put on an O'Neill by a Flynn or O'Rourke ;  
But the worst of it all—must I tell it, alas !—  
No white cloths were spread upon Punchestown grass.  
The jockeys' bright colors were pelted with dirt,  
Till they grew just as black as Tom Moore's old  
bronze shirt ;

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The rider behind the front horses did smother,  
Till he'd scarcely be known e'en if met by his mother.  
O the Clerk of the Weather !  
The Clerk of the Weather !

Not the sign of a thimbleman seen on the course,  
Nor the sight of a swell from the pickpocket force ;  
A view of the trick-o'-the-loop or roulette  
You might search for in vain all that day and not get.  
The "hill" was as bare as a barren rock's ledge ;  
Its one-time gay occupants under a hedge,  
The shelter of trees, or what else could be found,  
Till they charged out to see the racehorses come  
round.

O the Clerk of the Weather !  
The Clerk of the Weather !

Ah ! sad was my heart at the Punchestown Races—  
I missed the young peasants with bright cheerful  
faces,  
Who brought their fair partners with eyes full of  
jollity,  
Round the front of the Stand, just to show them the  
"quality,"  
Danced jigs, reels, and hornpipes, so fully content,  
When it came to their turn on the board of the tent,  
Toasted country and sweetheart, gave winners a cheer,  
And talked o'er the sport till the race time next year.  
O the Clerk of the Weather !  
The Clerk of the Weather !



## BE BUT MINE.

Be but mine—from the fount of thy love let me drink,  
And I'll walk without dread by the cliff's rugged  
brink ;

The past for a moment shall cost me no tear—

I'll gaze in the Future without any fear.

Though the hopes of my youth should grow dim and  
decline,

My life shall have sunshine if thou'lt be but mine.

Be but mine, and thy presence shall banish the cloud  
Of friendships congealed by the world's false crowd ;  
Let me hear but thy voice breathe the old witching  
song,

That I've hung o'er in rapture the summer day long,  
And I'll feel, as the notes round my heart softly twine,  
I but covet one prize on this earth—be but mine.

Be but mine, and our home with contentment shall  
teem,

And the past to look back at shall seem but a dream ;  
We will dwell in a world of bliss of our own,  
Where a halo of joy round our lives shall be thrown ;  
Of roses we'll build to love's goddess a shrine,  
And sit in the shade of its leaves—be but mine !

JOIN YOUR HANDS.

Join your hands in love to-day,  
 Not for twelve months, but for ever ;  
 Faithful hearts with fervour pray  
 That the bond be broken never.  
 Who'd sunder us is not our friend,  
 Be high or low his social station—  
 Disown him as you would the fiend  
 Who'd sell for place the Irish Nation.

You say you'll tread your native plains  
 The Saxon satrap's crew defying—  
 You say you'll help to break the chains  
 Your brothers have so long been trying.  
 Ah ! noble words, and purpose grand !  
 Had they been spoken years ago,  
 'Neath Freedom's banner both could stand  
 And laugh at threat of foreign foe.

Joy to-day should fill all hearts,  
 Eyes should brighten, pulses quicken !  
 Swear we both to act the parts  
 Of sons unto our mother stricken.  
 Souls in heaven are joyous, too,  
 If they see what's passing here, .  
 For they know while we are true  
 Ireland can have naught to fear.

## I AM BUT A PEASANT FELLOW.

I am but a peasant fellow, with nailed brogues upon  
my feet,

Yet beneath an Irish frieze coat truer heart did never  
beat ;

Tough as whalebone are my sinews, which hard work  
will not affright,

And my hand is ever ready to assist the cause of  
right.

I am but a peasant fellow—not a gent about the  
town :

The hot sun-rays of the summer tanned my cheeks to  
hazel-brown ;

A small cabin thatched with straw I own beside a  
beechen grove—

Tis there I dwell contented with my brown-haired  
Mary's love.

When my daily labour's ended and my spade is laid  
aside,

With fond love my heart o'erflowing, haste I quickly  
to my bride ;

When the evening meal is ended, sings she some  
sweet Irish song,

Or recalls some storied legends that to ancient days  
belong.

There is no place like old Ireland had we only native  
laws !

— the rich to treat us fairly, and to advocate our  
ause,

What a wealth of honest thankfulness from manly  
hearts they'd meet,  
Pure as flowers the early spring-time raises up beneath  
our feet.

---

## OULD IRELAND AND MASTER M'GRATH.

Come, fill every glass to o'erflowing—

What matter with what, so you fill ;  
To your feet while the bubbles are glowing,  
And drink them off, boys, with a will.

The tide at your heart must be frosted

If it bounds not like hot-water spa  
As the health of the two is here toasted,  
Ould Ireland and Master M'Grath!

In vain did the English endeavour

The Waterloo cup to dispute ;

He silenced their braggings for ever,

And won the Blue Riband to boot.

From each valley and heather-clad highland,

From Lurgan to lone Reenharagh,†

A cheer rang aloud\* through the island

For Ould Ireland and Master M'Grath !

For Lurgan's no time-serving minion—

Too many in Ireland are found—

Wherever he holds his dominion,

There's peace, "full and plenty," shed round.

\* Reenharagh, opposite Valentia, in Kerry.

On Lough Neagh when in summer he's sailing  
Along the wild shore of Armagh,  
May a voice from the Round Towers come pealing  
"Ould Ireland and Master M'Grath !"

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#### THE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM.

Oh ! ne'er did the spirit of Freedom yet weep  
O'er an island more brimful of charms ;  
Encircled it lies in the midst of the deep,  
Like a bride in a young lover's arms.  
Her sky is as blue as a southern sky,  
Her sons unacquainted with fear ;  
Yet still in the depths of their anguish they cry—  
"The Spirit of Freedom's not here."

Her daughters are pure as the light falling snow  
That the winter winds through the air drive ;  
Their souls are as clear as the crystals that grow  
On the rocks where the pearl-seekers dive.  
Like stars shine their eyes when the day-god has set,  
Yet oftentimes dimmed with a tear ;  
Though happy they be, still they cannot forget,  
The Spirit of Freedom's not here.

That thought will their happiest moments annoy  
While their mirth floats away on the gale,  
As a blast from the north the young plants will  
destroy  
That bloom in the midst of a vale.

'Twill damp their young joys like a dark gloomy day  
When the black clouds are looking severe ;  
In the midst of enjoyment a whisper will say—  
“The Spirit of Freedom’s not here.”

Oh ! would he but come and shed his bright ray  
Of effulgence around our green isle,  
He would meet as true hearts as e’er knelt to pray  
At the Gheber god’s sacred fire-pile.  
The glory of Freedom would shine from her brow,  
Once more she’d be Queen of the Waves ;  
A light amid nations—not as she is now,  
An island of down-trodden slaves.

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## THE DESOLATION.

The sky was fair as maiden’s smile,  
The sweet air round me blew—  
I sat upon a rustic stile—  
Sad thoughts upon me grew.  
Each budding leaf with dew was wet—  
The morning calm, serene ;  
That scene I never can forget,  
For memory keeps it green.

No milkmaid’s song fell on mine ear—  
No carol loud and free—  
No smoke of cottage, far or near,  
Nor shouts of youthful glee ;

I heard alone the watchdog's whine ;  
No peasant could be seen ;  
Vast herds of fat and sleeky kine  
Alone were on the green.

" O God !" I cried, " must it ever be  
Thus with my native land ?  
While knaves harangue and cowards flee,  
Will no one stretch a hand  
To keep the peasant in his cot,  
Our flesh and blood to screen,  
Or must he seek some foreign spot  
Far from his native green ?"

Oh ! sure for all there's room enough,  
And plenty, too, to spare ;  
Why meet the stranger's cold rebuff ?  
The stormy billows dare ?  
Had the peasant but been left his ground  
How different all had been !  
No discontent to-day were found  
On Ireland's plains so green.

---

#### A SERENADE.

Oh ! God forgive you, Lizzie, darling ;  
My blood this hour has ceased to flow ;  
My bull-and-terrier dog is snarling  
And shivering here in the frost and snow.

“As warm as love” is an olden saying,  
 Yet I'll lay a thousand pounds in gold,  
 If kept an hour in the cold delaying,  
 The hottest love will soon grow cold.  
 Oh ! God forgive you, Lizzie, darling ;  
 My blood this hour has ceased to flow ;  
 My bull-and-terrier dog is snarling  
 And shivering here in the frost and snow.

Just come or stay, love—I can't be waiting  
 To be frozen here to a man of snow ;  
 You know my heart with love is beating ;  
 To-night you'll answer just yes or no.  
 And if 'tis no, love, 'twill save me buying  
 A new piano, or one out on hire.  
 To gain a wife, faith, when next I'm trying,  
 I'll do my wooing by a bright coal fire.  
 Oh ! God forgive you, Lizzie, darling ;  
 My blood this hour has ceased to flow ;  
 My bull-and-terrier dog is snarling  
 And shivering here in the frost and snow.

---

THE BURIAL.

[Song on the Disbandment of the Volunteers, 1793.]

By the light of the pale moon I buried  
 The friend that for years I had kept ;  
 Then back to my comrades I hurried—  
 No tears from my eyelids were wept ;



For I know she's not dead, she's but sleeping  
Till she's roused by the call of the free ;  
From her grave will she proudly be leaping  
To answer that call yet with me.

Her long shining barrel was brightest  
That ever reflected the sun ;  
Her brown polished stock was the lightest  
That ever graced rifle or gun.  
You may talk of the voice of your lover,  
Or murmurs that come from the sea ;  
But her bark as she tumbled a plover  
Was sweetest of music to me.

I'm lonesome and lone since we parted ;  
No lover I e'er had but you ;  
No wife could be more kindly hearted,  
No maiden more loyal and true.  
I have wrapped you up snugly in flannel,  
And placed you beneath the ash tree—  
Your old favorite spot o'er the panel  
Of the door now looks vacant to me.

But we'll meet once again yet, my beauty,  
And my shoulder I'll press you close to,  
When each man shall think it his duty  
To have such a sweetheart as you.  
My foes, love, would try to divorce us—  
Their plan has been ever divide—  
Asunder they never shall force us,  
Nor take you away from my side.

For while I have you by me, darling,  
 I feel I am but half a slave ;  
 I whistle as light as a starling  
 Each time that I pass by your grave.  
 Bright shamrocks above you are growing,  
 Gray linnets sing from the ash tree ;  
 Some day, love—how soon there's no knowing—  
 You'll rise and for ever be free.

---

A DELICATE HINT.

I saw the falling tear  
 Stop half way in its flow—  
 It shone as brightly clear  
 As flake of frosted snow ;  
 For hope had come again,  
 Like spring-time, to renew  
 The joy that love-sick pain  
 Had lately hid from view.

For as Sam's shadow passed  
 Across the window pane,  
 Her eyes were thither cast  
 In one long lingering strain.  
 Rat, tat, tat, the door came from—  
 I saw her white breast heave ;  
 She rose and whispered, " Tom,  
 Práy take your hat and leave."

## THE DROOPING ASH TREE.

The drooping ash tree, with its old rustic seat,  
How oft has it sheltered from midsummer's heat,  
As I've read o'er some book, that I freely might learn  
The glory and sorrow of loved old Erin.

Its leaves to-and-fro in the wind gaily swing,  
Like the flag of our isle, or the plume of a king ;  
Its branches droop down, as if longing to tell  
Some tale of enchantment or love-binding spell ;  
On the plain, on the hill-side, or by the sea-shore,  
The sun cannot tempt its green branches to soar ;  
As maidens in grief its boughs still we see—  
It seems as if, Erin, 'twere weeping for thee.

The drooping ash tree, 'tis the gem of the lawn ;  
'Tis the tree that is loved by the swift-footed fawn  
When autumn winds scatter the dead leaves about ;  
From its green top the blackbird his rich notes peals  
out,

Till the echo comes back from the brown-crested hill,  
As his song seems to say, " I've an old friend left still ;"  
But mostly the robin is found as its guest,  
For in it in springtime he builds a snug nest,  
And flies in and out with food to his young,  
Hopping in rapture the branches among,  
Till, fledged at length, they are able to flee,  
And bid a good-bye to the drooping ash tree.

Dear drooping old ash tree, for ever be blest,  
For sake of the friends that have long gone to rest,

Whose mirth-stirring laugh floated off on the gale,  
 Like the voice of a lute heard at eve from the vale,  
 As we gamboled in summer-time round it in pride,  
 When the cares of the world our young hearts defied,  
 Or crept 'neath its shade with a flush on our cheek  
 As we played at the old game of "hide and go seek!"  
 Are those days gone past? was my youth but a dream  
 Has manhood come on with its fierce rushing stream?  
 When that, too, is fled, and no more I shall be,  
 I but ask a green grave 'neath a drooping ash tree.

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BALDOYLE RACES.

I never was much of a rover,  
 For—to tell you before I begin—  
 Though of racing a passionate lover,  
 I often ran short of the "tin;"  
 So I hail with delight Baldoyle races—  
 You'll get to the course for a "bob:"  
 As our trotting nag tightens his traces  
 I feel my heart joyfully throb.

"All right," and away we are dashing,  
 By the side of Clontarf's verdant plains,  
 Where the sea comes in dolefully splashing  
 Since the day it enveloped the Danes.  
 The cars follow after the "buster,"  
 No sign of a horse seen to lag,  
 Till some "jarvey" pulls out from the cluster,  
 And passes an officer's drag.

Then we fly round the bend at Killester,  
Like a shell by artillery thrown—  
Our driver, in shining sou-wester,  
Sits just like a king on his throne.  
And we stop when we're "dry" at Raheny,  
Have a bottle of Bass or of stout,  
Give a bare-footed gossoon a penny  
For holding the charger without.

The "garran" that's short in the "bellows"  
Begins now to puff pretty hard—  
He's dropping behind all his fellows  
As we're nearing Kilbarrack churchyard,  
Where Higgins, the "Sham Squire," lies sleeping—  
Was it right, when his spirit had fled,  
To efface the grey limestone slab keeping  
A record alone of the dead?

Then we buy the race card for a "tanner,"  
As the stand flashes full in our sight—  
High above it is floating a banner  
That's kissing the winds with delight.  
'Neath the awning, with mild beaming features,  
And eyes that are dancing with mirth,  
Are seated some beautiful creatures—  
Oh, where could you match them on earth?

Yet plenty of rivals were present,  
For you'd find, had you taken a stroll  
O'er the course, that some blooming young peasant  
Could find out the depths of your soul.

Their smiles are as fair as the morning,  
Their eyes black and brown, and more blue ;  
Red lips, like to cherries, adorning  
A mouth that is melting with dew.

Oh, tell me no more of the tropics,  
Where the maidens through myrtle groves roam  
Pale the splendours of foreign exotics  
By the side of the sweet ones at home.  
Search our island from Antrim to Youghal—  
From the Liffey away to the Foyle—  
Oh ! you'll *not* meet such faces, *ma bouchal*,  
As you'll meet on the course of Baldoyle.

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## THE OLD CONVENT BELLS.

How pleasant the scenes of our youth to review—  
The ever-dear scenes of our bright, sunny childhood,  
When the only ambition our merry hearts knew  
Was to find the first grey-linnet's nest in the wild wood.  
Dear is the ivy-clad ruin that's keeping  
A watch o'er the grave where each young comrade dwells ;  
Dear is the headstone that marks where they're sleeping—  
But dearer the chime of the old convent bells.

Their mellow, soft tones, oft have filled me with  
pleasure—

The sweets of contentment cast over my mind ;  
As my heart drank with rapture the heavenly measure,  
It left all the cares of this dull earth behind.  
My lips with a prayer to their God were o'erflowing,  
As pure as a nun's while her beads o'er she tells ;  
With love was my soul in its ecstasy glowing  
As I heard the dear chime of the old convent bells.

When my soul quits for ever this clay habitation,  
And the gates of eternity wide 'fore me ope,  
May my spirit be free from all dark consternation ;  
My pinions upheld by the Christian's bright hope.  
No sigh of regret shall escape as I leave it,  
My heart found deceit in the world's false spells ;  
One strain, and one only, did never deceive it,  
The dear chime at eve of the old convent bells.

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#### AWAKENED.

Whatever sweets my lyre has given  
Were wakened first by woman's eyes ;  
Within their depths I found my heaven ;  
My condemnations were her sighs.  
I sought the Muses' fadeless art,  
As music can all ills disarm,  
To gain her smile, enchain her heart,  
Her very sense and soul to charm.

For years I slumbered in a trance,  
A garden of delicious joy ;  
I lived on woman's witching glance—  
With time I sported like a toy.  
I saw no goal I fain would reach,  
I marked no path through life to keep,  
Till woman with soft glowing speech  
First roused me from my aimless sleep.

“Go brace your nerves, and take the field—  
Be not the hindmost in the race ;  
Before he's tried let no man yield—  
Defeat itself is no disgrace.”  
Yes, such the words—I mind them well—  
That gave my youthful songlet wings ;  
The tender glance that with them fell  
More precious than the gift of kings.

---

## SONG.

The songsters fly home to the shade of their nest  
When the sun his bright face is seen hiding,  
The wild deer lie down by the tall mountain's crest  
When the tempest the night-wind is riding,  
The peasant hastes home to his cot in the vale—  
There's a wife and fond children to meet him ;  
The cheek, that the toil of the day had made pale,  
Recovers its bloom as they greet him.



'Tis thus my heart flies from life's wearisome gale  
Back again to those young summer hours  
Where, with her I once loved, I went forth to inhale  
The scent of the dew-laden flow'rs !  
But why thus recal them? They bring back but  
pain ;  
Yet the sorrow's with bliss so combined,  
That I feel I would seek the fleet pleasure again  
Though it left but regrettings behind.

---

## LOVED ARTANE.

How short the span of life appears,  
As, looking backwards from the hill,  
We think on all the hopes and fears  
Our youthful fancies used to fill.  
The years pass on swift as the wind  
Across the broad Atlantic main ;  
And e'en its marks are left behind  
Around my home in loved Artane.

How many saw their last sun set  
Since joyfully to school I hied,  
Or joined the play without regret,  
At eve, when books were laid aside !  
Some in the churchyard, 'neath its clay,  
Lie calm at rest, bereft of pain—  
More wander by the bleak highway,  
Far from thy green fields, loved Artane.

Some where the broad Missouri's tide  
Rolls onward to the ocean's breast—  
More where Australia's eagles glide  
Above their airy, rock-built nest—  
Some where the orange and the pine  
Bloom in the olive land of Spain—  
Yet, as they quaff the ruby wine,  
Their pledge is still to "Loved Artane."

Not all the wealth of foreign isles  
Back to their cheeks could bring the glow,  
Or call up those sweet sunny smiles  
That rested there long years ago ;  
For riches cannot banish care,  
Nor cut that unseen tender chain  
That binds them to their native air,  
And childhood's home, in loved Artane.

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## ANNIE.

Annie has cheeks of the ripe peach's hue,  
Eyes that a saint might leave heaven to view,  
Lips like a red cherry parted in two,  
Teeth white as fairest pearls shining,  
Hair like the strings of the harpers of old—  
The richness of gloss and the brightness of gold—  
Zephyrs are lovingly wooing each fold,  
Escaped from the close net's confining.

Her step is as light as the young deer that take  
Their way o'er the lawn to the brink of the lake,  
In its eddying waves their hot thirst to slake,  
While each other sportively horning ;  
Her smile is as sweet as the moonlight on sea,  
The sunshine when crossing the daisy-strewed lea,  
Or a calm autumn night, when the dark clouds all flee  
With bright stars the heavens adorning.

Her voice has a magic that could not be told ;  
Were your heart like an iceberg 'twould banish the  
cold—

'Twould make an old graybeard forget he was old,  
And remind him of friends once endearing.  
Some syren of old must have taught her the art,  
The magic of reigning supreme o'er each heart,  
For just let her warble, the sounds ne'er depart,  
Bright visions of future appearing.

Her soul is as pure as the snow on the mount,  
Her heart with good nature o'erflows like a fount.  
But seventeen summers her young life can count—

May many more bright ones be lent her—  
Long years 'mid her friends may she lovingly dwell,  
Binding closely each heart with the power of her  
spell.

What the angels were like sure we never could tell,  
Till heaven amid us had sent her.

## MY TORTOISE-SHELL CAT.

Through my brain in my youth blissful thoughts  
wildly ran

“Of love in a cottage” with blue-eyed young Fan ;  
But the coquette *me* jilted, and married young Pat—  
So my comfort since then is my tortoise-shell cat.

In winter, when evenings are frosty and cold,  
He knows my quick step just as well as if told ;  
And bounces with joy as he hears my “rat-tat,”  
For there’s love in the heart of my tortoise-shell cat.

He humps up his back and erects his long tail,  
And purs like the sound of the low-breathing gale ;  
The last new galop to my ears sounds but flat  
When compared to the song of my tortoise-shell cat.

He rubs ’gainst my trousers, still purring the while,  
Looking up in my face with a blink and a smile ;  
To the parlour he runs as I hang up my hat—  
Was there ever a friend like my tortoise-shell cat ?

He sits by my fire while my tale I unfold,  
Of the lack of true friendship, and lack too of gold ;  
His song seems to whisper, “What matter for that ?  
You have friendship and gold in your tortoise-shell cat.”

When the maid takes the tea-things away after tea,  
One leap, and the rascal is up on my knee !  
’Tis the seat he loves most when he’s on for a chat,  
So I stroke down the back of my tortoise-shell cat.

A total abstainer, like all of his "ilk,"  
While I sip my punch he enjoys his sweet milk ;  
If two tumblers I pass, "Now just mind what you're at,"  
I can read in the eyes of my tortoise-shell cat.

There's Jones and O'Hara have both brought home  
brides —

Each picture, they tell us, has always two sides ;  
When the honeymoon's over and love has grown flat,  
They'll envy myself and my tortoise-shell cat.

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#### A FARMER'S WIFE.

A Farmer's wife ! and dost thou think I pine  
For by-gone splendor that no more can be ?  
My humble cottage, with its creeping vine,  
Has charms a thousandfold more dear to me.

For here is love, in its most holy sense,  
Bereft of worldly dross and worldly sin ;  
All thoughts of ill its presence chaseth hence,  
Leaving but smiles of beaming joy within.

I might have married one of higher state,  
But as I'm happy now, would I be then ?  
Or would the show of grandeur compensate  
The love of one of nature's gentlemen ?

Too well I know, I've seen it in my youth,  
What 'tis to be a rich man's showy bride ;  
The outside world can never know the truth,  
Or see the tears they smother in their pride.

My husband's hand throws not the cards nor dice ;  
 No syren's smile could win him from my side ;  
 His heart, as virgin's, is bereft of vice ;  
 His life is like the calm, unruffled tide.

And I am blest ; an argosy of love  
 Floats ever round our humble cottage home ;  
 I feel as happy as the woodland dove,  
 Or sea-gull breasting the smooth billows' foam.

The *mi-na-meala*\* will for ever last,  
 Bright and undimmed, down to the close of life ;  
 A holy joy was round my being cast  
 The hour I first became a farmer's wife !

---

#### WEARING THE BREECHES.

One Terry Muldoon was a farmer from Clare,  
 Knee breeches and frieze were his Sunday's apparel ;  
 The first in a shindy at races or fair,  
 Sure he was the boy a shillelagh could twirl ;  
 At his dancing the colleens all stood in amaze,  
 He'd step without crushing a flower with his shoon ;  
 And many a young heart beat under a stays,  
 As its fair owner wished herself Mrs. Muldoon.

In vain were the ankles displayed 'neath each dress,  
 Unscathed he passed through a parish of girls,  
 Till their mothers were heard in a rage to express  
 Some words about "swine being unworthy of  
 pearls !"

\* Honeymoon.

But the smiles of a woman, when rightly applied,  
Would coax down, I'd swear it, the "Man from  
the Moon ;"

So Terry was caught by a maid from Kilbride,  
And Father Tom made her young Mrs. Muldoon.

The "honeymoon" passed rather swiftly away ;  
Terry thought he could do as he oft did before,  
Have a drop with a friend without any delay,  
With no one to ask him, "Who paid the last score ?"  
But the first time he tried it he sighed o'er the past,  
And wished himself soaring up in a balloon  
Ere the bonds of young Hymen were bound round  
him fast,  
Or the "breeches" were mastered by Mrs. Muldoon.

If he smokes in the parlour he's naught but a "brute !"  
He's no chance "on the sly," for her eye's like a  
squirrel ;

To smoke in the kitchen he dare not it moot—  
She'd say that he wanted to "speak to the girl."  
A bachelor friend he no longer can greet,  
If he will not encounter a private monsoon ;  
Should one call in at eve "the cold shoulder" he'll meet,  
For the "breeches" are mastered by Mrs. Muldoon.

In spring if he ploughs up the neat little paddock  
For early potatoes, 'tis oats he must sow ;  
If for dinner on Friday he wishes for haddock,  
He gets a salt herring as black as a sloe ;

The harvestmen too, how dare *he* go hire them ?

His extravagance shortly will bring *her* to "roon"  
(ruin) ;

'Tis she makes the balls, and poor Terry must fire  
them,

For the " breeches " are mastered by Mrs. Muldoon.

And lately she's crowing as loud as a cock.

The " SPORTSMAN " she reads half the day at her  
ease ;

At evening the cradle poor Terry must rock,

Or dandle his firstling young babe on his knees.

"The rights, too, of property ceded to women,

They were waiting, God knows, rather long for the  
boon,"

She says to poor Terry, who's wishing death coming

For the " breeches " and body of Mrs. Muldoon.

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TO CLARA ON HER BIRTHDAY.

May years alone but bring her joy,

Her life be one continuous pleasure,

May grief a moment ne'er annoy,

Old age come on with slow-paced measure.

To-day, another fading year

Chimes " farewell," ere it steals away ;

To all it brings the end more near ;

But come, to-night let us be gay.



Then fill the bowl, pour out the song,  
To "Love's Young Dream," "The Harp of  
Tara ;"  
Fond friends, to-night, in spirit throng  
Around the happy-hearted Clara.

Like Noah's dove that left the ark  
And came back with the olive token,  
When life around me all looked dark,  
Her tongue bright words of love has spoken.  
The absent to defend she strove—  
She never, never could abuse them ;  
Old foes she made each other love,  
And kindled kindness in each bosom.  
Then fill the bowl, pour out the song,  
To "Love's Young Dream," "The Harp of  
Tara ;"  
Fond friends, to-night, in spirit throng  
Around the happy-hearted Clara.

For me, whate'er my lot may be,  
Across the track of life's wild ocean,  
With breakers surging on the lee,  
Or waves that scarcely show a motion ;  
I'll still look back to that dear friend  
Whose laugh could ever banish dullness,  
And pray that God may to her send  
Each wished-for joy from out his fulness.

Then fill the bowl, pour out the song,  
 To "Love's Young Dream," "The Harp of  
 Tara;"  
 Fond friends, to-night, in spirit throng  
 Around the happy-hearted Clara.

---

HOWTH.

Earth, ocean, and sky are serene and fair,  
 Rich beauties are round one everywhere ;  
 But naught can compare with this beautiful scene,  
 Where the waters glint with a silver sheen,  
 And the modest flowers that grow by the brink  
 Stoop their fair bright heads of its waves to drink.  
 Its streamlets are clear as crystal bright,  
 And flash in the sun like the diamond's light ;  
 Each drop is as fresh as the pearly dew  
 That falls by night from the weeping yew.

And bright are the finny tribe that play  
 'Neath its pulsing tide the live-long day,  
 Or upwards swift as arrows shoot  
 Of gaudy flies in quick pursuit.  
 As you seek the breeze on Howth's heath-clad hill  
 There bursts on your sight a sparkling rill,  
 Washing the roots of each veteran tree,  
 Wending its way gaily down to the sea,  
 Melting the hard hearts that falsehood congealed  
 Till the tear gushes out that can *not* be concealed.

The flowers of summer bloom longest there,  
The plumage of birds is more bright and fair ;  
With a richer perfume the air seems sweet  
Than any place else the traveller can meet.  
The sun his bright rays from your sight scarcely hides  
Till the moon sends her beams like the smiles of  
    young brides,  
Filling with splendour each valley and grove,  
Where fond swains have often poured out tales of  
    love  
To maidens whose cheeks at the moment seemed dyed,  
While their breasts rose and fell like the ebb of the tide.

I envy the birds their happy song  
As they fly through the woods the summer long ;  
They know not the cares or sorrows of men—  
The strain on the brain, the drudge with the pen,  
Working one's way through life's busy crowd,  
With that star we call "Fate" ever dimmed by a  
    cloud.

What would I not give for some mystical power  
To hide from the world this beautiful bower—  
Keeping close by my side the fond friends of to-day,  
Till the angels came earthward to take them away ?

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SEPTEMBER.—AN OLD COCK'S STORY.

The crisp leaves of autumn are falling,  
    The corn fields are bare as the lea ;  
In my dreams I see visions appalling  
    Of setters—not two, faith, but three ;

Till I feel myself nigh broken-hearted.

How swiftly the summer has fled—  
The glories of August departed,  
September comes on in its stead.

How they mark us each day growing bigger,  
As they lay on the dogs on our trail ;  
When I heard the first pull of the trigger  
I shook from my head to my tail.  
I rose with the rest from the heather,  
But scarce had we all taken wing,  
Bang, bang, came both barrels together—  
Bad luck to the same Tommy King !

I chanced to escape—I might swagger,  
And did when once more we lit down ;  
The fellow, believe me, 's no bragger—  
He's one of the crack shots in town ;  
So to rise up again I'd not venture,  
I fed pretty close to the ditch,  
Of the fields I kept off from the centre,  
And crept into holes from his bitch,

Till I met with your mother—come, lovey !  
And nestle here close to my side,  
We are proud (and why not ?) of our covey,  
'Tis the best in the whole country side.  
Your young joys I'm sorry for blighting ;  
But listen, and mark what I say—  
If the barrels you once see them "sighting,"  
Make haste and get out of the way.

For their dogs have got noses like beagles,  
And their guns now all load at the breech ;  
Though you flew up as high as the eagles,  
You still were not out of their reach.  
Their steadfastness often I've tested,  
And may to my grief once again ;  
The sides of steep mountains they've breasted  
As freely as if on the plain.

I thought when the " Bill " was attested—  
The Coercion Bill 'tis I mean—  
That our wings for a short time were rested,  
So I whistled up " God save the Queen."  
Sure I'd live long in peace, if they'd let me,  
But to-day, as I dined with a quail,  
The black-and-white pointer dogs set me,  
Of King, who once peppered my tail.

And now, my dear chickens, remember,  
When the setters dash in 'mid our flock,  
'Tis the twentieth day of September,  
The bright barrels all on full cock,  
And many a sportsman is tasting,  
In fancy, a leg or a breast,  
While the cooks, much the same way, are basting  
And browning our limbs for each guest.

AS THE MOON ROSE O'ER THE HILL.

Softly still the night was falling,  
 Every sound in silence slept,  
 Stars came forth each other calling,  
 And a watchless vigil kept.  
 Scenes repassed me of my childhood,  
 Through my veins they sent a thrill,  
 Once again I walked the wildwood,  
 As the moon rose o'er the hill.

Memory traced each path I wandered  
 By the meadow's green-clad glade,  
 Where the village stream meandered  
 Past the mimic bright cascade.  
 Every bygone hope and longing,  
 Joys ecstatic, sorrows chill,  
 Came around my spirit thronging  
 As the moon rose o'er the hill.

Floating near me were the voices  
 That with spells my soul could bind ;  
 At the sound my heart rejoices,  
 Lifted upward on the wind.  
 What I'd passed through seemed forgotten,  
 Future prospects all stood still,  
 Hopes arose of old begotten,  
 As the moon rose o'er the hill.

By my side her blue eyes beaming  
 With a soft phosphoric light,

Like the southern stars when gleaming  
O'er the silent sea by night ;  
Shone a face of witching gladness—  
Ah ! all pleasure grief can kill,  
And my heart awoke to sadness  
As the moon rose o'er the hill.

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## NOVEMBER.

Autumn flowers are lowly drooping—withered all  
they will be soon ;  
Mournfully the wind is sighing, like the banshee's  
lonely croon ;  
Bare now look the fields of stubble shorn of all the  
golden corn ;  
Leaves have fallen from the bushes, leaving naught  
but branch and thorn ;  
Mignonette no longer blossoms, scenting the rich  
summer air ;  
Sparrows seek the thatch at nightfall, and for winter  
they prepare ;  
Flows again the mountain streamlet, that for summer  
long was dry.  
Murky clouds are seen at even scudding swiftly o'er  
the sky.  
Oft at night is heard the curlew's and the plover's  
shrilly call,  
As they're fleetly winging landwards to escape the  
ocean's squall.

Closer round the fire we gather, pile on high the  
blazing log,  
Smoky coal, or, if we have it, brown turf from an  
Irish bog.

For old Winter, hoary Winter ! in our faces soon will  
gaze,  
And the earth beneath his mantle will lie hid for  
many days,  
Bat and dormouse will be hidden for a season in their  
nest,  
Silent all will be the songsters, save our well-known  
friend red-breast—  
He will perch upon the window, hop in at the kitchen  
floor,  
Bringing joy unto the children, telling Spring shall  
come once more—  
Looking brightly, hopping lightly, picking crumbs up  
at our feet,  
Perching on the wall or ash tree, pouring forth a  
carol sweet.  
Ah ! how blithely did I hail him in my bygone youth-  
ful years,  
Ere I knew the world's sad troubles—all its sorrows  
and its tears—  
When the earth seemed all around me bright as purest  
diamond's sheen,  
And the transient clouds of childhood were the dark-  
est I had seen.



O November ! bleak November ! why thus make the  
bright flowers flee ?

Spare at least the modest daisy that bedecks the vil-  
lage lea !

But you answer that you cannot, in a chill and trou-  
bled breath—

All that's fair was made to perish—man himself must  
“ die the death ;”

Here on earth he's but a pilgrim, for his home is up  
on high,

Where his soul shall bloom eternal, and his joys can  
never die ;

Death to him is but a winter, numbing with its frozen  
wing,

For, when comes the resurrection then begins an end-  
less spring—

Then the friends whom death had parted, meet toge-  
ther face to face,

And their souls with love ecstatic mingle in a fond  
embrace,

While the bright-eyed cherubs hover like the sun-  
beams when at play,

And the choir of heaven welcomes all unto eternal  
day.

## MY YOUNG PEASANT GIRL.

One glance from her eye is far dearer to me  
Than to swallows the summer, to salmon the sea ;  
A thousand times dearer my own peasant girl  
Than a princess arrayed in her gorgeous apparel.

Her neck is as fair as the sea-foam, that flies  
O'er the tempest-tossed ship, as it kisses the skies ;  
Her ringlets, like cloud-flakes in summer time seen,  
As the sinking sun tints them with bright golden  
sheen.

Her brow is not marble—'twas kissed by the sun—  
But the brown eyes beneath it deep sparkle in fun ;  
And the berries that grow on Killarney's famed Reeks  
Are but pale when compared to the bloom on her  
cheeks.

Her voice has an echo that seemeth to stay,  
Like the sound from a harp, when its strings cease to  
play ;  
And her smile can my heart ever fill with delight,  
As the shepherd when watching the pale moon by  
night.

Her foot is as firm as a tall towering cliff,  
Yet light is her step as a pleasure-built skiff ;  
Her glance is as swift as the mallard or drake,  
When, startled, they rise from the sedge by the lake.

Her lips have more sweetness than eastern May flow'rs  
Where the amorous bees drink in honey for hours ;  
And the sparkles that flash when revealed are her  
teeth,  
Are the snow-flakes in sun ere they fall underneath.

Her breath has the scent of fresh clover in spring ;  
Her manner would grace the young bride of a king ;  
What exquisite bliss to be shrined in that heart,  
Dame nature's own model, defiled not by art !

I met her one eve as she tripped o'er Howth's hill,  
And the bright glance she gave me remains with me  
still :

No lady could vie, though superb her apparel,  
With the beauty and grace of my young peasant  
girl.

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#### THE TOWNLAND OF ARTANE.

I love the townland of Artane, the place where I was  
born,  
And carolled free as brown skylark when rising from  
the corn.  
How often have I searched each hedge to find the ripe  
black sloe,  
Or barefoot waded in the streams that through its  
green fields go !  
Amid my dreams I often think a boy that I am still,  
Picking the brown-hued hazel nuts my broad-leaved  
hat to fill,

Or searching for the blackbird's nest down some sweet  
silent lane,  
With the friends I knew long years ago in the town-  
land of Artane.

How pleasant were my school days, when my heart  
was free from care,  
And the earth seemed all around me full of splendors  
everywhere ;  
When the joyous laugh of comrades young woke up  
each hill and glade,  
Brimful of fun and merriment as musical cascade.  
Let fate have what it will in store as years come on  
by stealth—  
The rough and thorny path of life, or one of ease and  
wealth—  
My heart will fly back to the time I'll never see  
again,  
When a boy I rambled happy through the townland  
of Artane.

All, all are gone—not one is left of olden times to  
speak—  
Some sought Australia's far-off shore, while tears be-  
dewed each cheek ;  
More o'er the western ocean wave, the home of  
liberty,  
And shook for ever off their feet the dust of slavery.  
The blackbird sings as sweet as then, the river mur-  
murs gay ;

But my heart felt sad and lonely, too, since they have  
gone away ;  
For often, 'mid enjoyments full, will come a throb of  
pain,  
As memory flies to the friends I knew in the town-  
land of Artane.

What thoughts at eve came rushing through my mind  
like mountain flood,  
As 'neath Marino's beechen trees in silence I have  
stood,  
And heard the crisp leaves whisper like the voice of  
ancient seers  
As they sang a dirge for Charlemont and the Irish  
Volunteers.  
What feelings welled up from my soul as round that  
house I've strayed,  
Where Grattan's power and Curran's wit so often were  
displayed !  
The Temple, too, from which I've viewed Clontarf's  
historic plain !—  
No spot on earth holds charms for me like the town-  
land of Artane.





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